

The Goblin Ride of Mr. Ichabod Crane.

The Famous Van Tassel Inn,
the Scene of One of Wash-
ington Irving's Most
Romantic Stories.

The old Van Tassel Inn is being pulled down—the old Van Tassel Inn that for nearly 200 years has been a part of all the history up the Hudson by Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow. The old Van Tassel Inn, that is covered with romance and story, as with a garment.

But it is not alone the legend and lore of Hessian troopers and Tory scouts and Continentals and British spies and heart-broken Colonial lassies and perilous lovers and hidden papers and secret closets that have made this grim old house one of the most sacred of America's possessions. It is the legend of Sleepy Hollow, the story of the courtship of Ichabod Crane. The tale of the school teacher who

Washington Irving's Narrative.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homeward, along the sides of the lofty hills which rose above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn cawing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree; he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate Andre was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot; it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and elder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plucky tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Recalled by a
Deal in Real Estate.
To Be Pulled Down After
200 Years of Fascin-
ating Historical
Association.

loved the plump Katrina; the jealous Brom Bones and the old pumpkin ghost, which with Rip Van Winkle, are twins in American classics. For this old homestead was the scene of the dance and the quilting frolic, and the famous pumpkin ghost plot which Brom Bones devised for the undoing of Mr. Ichabod Crane, Esq. And the demolition of the old inn makes most interesting and timely to print again here Washington Irving's story of Ichabod's mad ride home after the courting and how Bones, with his spook, got rid of his rival forever. For he never came back. And Brom, in the end, got rich Katrina.

no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, joggling along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless—but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested in his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation; he raised a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's filmy garments fluttered in the air as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow, the girth of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it as it was, but he had just time to save himself by claspings. The saddle fell to the earth, and his pursuer, for a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and unskilful rider that he was, he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes foisted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly gliding under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

"The spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing, at every bound. Ichabod's filmy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head in the eagerness of his flight."—From Washington Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and, besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents: "Who are you?" He received

OCEANS OF NEW BIKE IDEAS.

An examination of the Patent Office records for the quarter ending September 30 is interesting because of the numerous patents on bicycle improvements that have been granted. The number of patents issued to citizens of the United States for this class of inventions exceeds the number issued in the previous three weeks by nearly 800, and for the corresponding period last year by over 500.

The total number of applications received which related in some way to cycling was 1,100. Tires, pneumatic and otherwise, come first, and, with the various odds and ends of improvements relating to construction, covering, inflating, etc., the total number of applications on tires alone was 550.

Then come 200 applications under "general construction." Brakes come next with 56, followed by saddles with 52. The chain has engaged the attention of 31 inventors and the inflating valve of 22. Lubricators have 25 and locks 19. Devices for securing ladies' dresses have 14 applicants, and lamps 12; while inventors desirous of sounding the alarm have filed seven applications for bells.

Apparatus to carry luggage is represented by 6 patents and cyclometers by 5. There are 2 descriptions of devices for carrying pipes and matches; while the gourmand seeks to patent a contrivance for carrying luncheons. Finally, we find vanity on the wheel is amply provided for in the presence of two fair votaries, who have invented what they call "toilet companions."

Taken all in all, two-thirds of the patents so far issued for bicycle improvements are absolutely worthless. Anybody at all familiar with the workings of the Patent Office is familiar with the disease justly termed the "patent fever." It afflicts both sexes and all conditions of life, and the symptoms manifest themselves by an insane

NOAH'S PITCH POT.

The Natural Spring Which Enabled Our Ancestor to Build the Ark.

An English explorer has recently reached Hitt, in Syria, the locality in which Noah dwelt. Here he found a remarkable group of bitumen springs.

From these springs, he says, it is probable that Noah obtained his supply of material to "pitch it within and without" from it. In a basin, undoubtedly of volcanic origin, a spring of warm water bubbles up, and with the water comes the bitumen or pitch, in a plastic form, of the consistency of rather moist putty; and the Arabs gather it by simply scraping it off the surface of the water with their bare hands and pressing it into panniers carried by patient little donkeys, who then struggle up the rocky sides of the basin and take the material off to the boat-building yards, where it is used for covering the boats and galleys, after undergoing a certain refining process.

The bitumen is continually rising; but owing to the formation of the basin into which it rises with the stream very little of it can escape, and it remains floating on the surface of the water till taken off by the Arabs. The water itself tastes slightly of sulphur, is quite warm and apparently charged with some mineral which it deposits in its rocky bed as it flows away (through channels and crevices which the bitumen cannot pass) from the basin, coating it with a lovely lilac color, which further down the stream becomes a "peacock" blue.

BLEACHING THE TEETH.

Now they bleach teeth. So there is no reason why an otherwise pretty girl's smile should not reveal a row of pearls. Her teeth, however black, may be bleached to perfect whiteness.

The stuff used to bleach is not in the least injurious. It is called "pyrazone" and is an etherized alkaline preparation. It will bleach anything. A drop on your skin will make it white as snow. It will also smart.

When a tooth is being bleached it is treated to prevent any possible injury to it. In some cases, where nothing but a blackened stump remains of a once pearly incisor, the stump is first bleached, then a porcelain front is deftly fitted to it and the black is built up with gold. Thus one may have a fine new tooth solidly set in the jaw and probably more perfect than the original. Sometimes a whole row of teeth are thus treated.

If a tooth is entirely gone it is replaced by what is called "a bridge," which is a tooth, or several teeth fastened to those on either side. This is very delicate work and requires a special education in dentistry. Properly constructed on good dental engineering principles, the bridge is a solid structure, which may endure for years. The bridge is carefully fitted to the neighboring teeth.

It will be seen that these inventions all tend to do away with false teeth. These may be pretty and artistic and in many cases actually look better than the originals whose place they took, but most people nowadays have a prejudice against false teeth, not to mention the disagreeable necessity of removing them from the mouth and leaving them on the washstand over night. Besides, false teeth are very expensive, because the jaws after the teeth are removed have a way of shrinking thereby necessitating the alteration of the plates and often of the teeth themselves. And if the set is not renewed every few years there is sure to be a disagreeable rattling in the mouth.

SUFFOCATION BY PERFUME.

In the controversy that has sprung up so suddenly in the matter of the asphyxiation of a certain actress from the confined odor of 3,000 California violets, it is a little strange that no one has reverted to Zola for verifying proof that death may ensue from such a cause. It may seem a little rough on science—at first thought—to attest its truths by fiction, but not so when we remember with what indefatigable zeal the great realist pursues scientific studies before embodying in his works that which relates to them.

Therefore, when, in "La Faute de l'Abbe Mouret," he pictures the heroine's suicide from floral asphyxiation it is quite as probable that he has delved as deep into medical science for working material as he must have done to write his powerful, though horrible, death of Nana.

It will be remembered that the Abbe, spurned at last by the woman he has wronged, seeks his church to plead pardon for his sin. Peace comes to his soul in the deepening twilight. Meanwhile, Albine wanders despairingly in the woods that have been the scene of their amours, calling vainly on the forest that has made her life to deliver her from its agony. As she emerges, the perfumes rising on the evening air from her garden greet her.

Quick as a flash she decides that they shall be her death. First she robs the rose bushes, branches and all, until she trembles under the load. These she carries to her room, returning several times for armfuls of the remaining flowers and odoriferous plants. Closing her room as tightly as possible, she stuffs the door and window cracks with balm vervain, mints and balsam. Then she covers her bed with tuberoses and hyacinths, ranging beside it four chairs heaped up with heliotropes, marigolds, poppies and four o'clocks. A table by her pillow is a mass of violets; another is white with lilies, while the sofa is hidden beneath great bunches of red and white plums and wallflowers. Over all she throws the

roses promiscuously. And then, without a sigh, she lies down to sleep on her couch of hyacinths and tuberoses.

In the morning they find her dead. It is after noon before the doctor comes. The window of the death chamber had been opened, but even then an asphyxiating heat seems to stream into the room from the alcove where the bed was and make its escape in little threads of smoke.

To make a deduction from this episode in fiction, it must be borne in mind that in the hasty gathering of these innocent-looking weapons of suicide and the desire to carry a large quantity at once, the flowers and fragrant leaves were crushed and bruised, thereby freely releasing the volatile oils contained therein.

Further, those flowers which by common consent have a sickening odor if quantities are placed in a tightly-closed room, viz., violets, hyacinths, lilies and heliotrope, were closest to the suicide. It is evident, too, that the deadly exhalations from these particular flowers, confined somewhat by the close walls of the alcove, were the direct source of the asphyxiating poisons. The poppies may have induced drowsiness and the floating essence of the odoriferous leaves have had a soothing effect, but it is hard to conceive of the rather ill-smelling marigolds, the faint odor of the four o'clocks, the spicy pinks, the pseudo violet scented wallflowers or even the scattered roses contributing much toward the generation of the overpowering gases.

However, even if we accept Zola's fiction as possible fact, it would not be well for would-be suicides to select this picturesque route to the other world. They might fall ignominiously, for all are not equally sensitive to such poisons. Why it is so is hard to explain. If you can do so, you can explain to one person why he can handle poison ivy without the slightest injury—or even sneeze—while the next person that touches it may suffer from painful eruptions; or why a man may wear a tuberoso or gardenia in his buttonhole while another could not bear the "sticky smell," or why one woman cannot wear golden rod when others can; or again, why certain flowers make certain persons faint or ill temporarily.



POLITICS BY TELEPHONE.

To sit in your own house and hear a campaign speech which is being delivered miles and miles away is now possible. It is expected soon to be done in New York. More than that, the same speech may be heard in any number of houses at widely different points of the city or country. Wherever a telephone line extends, the speech can be heard with all the incidental sounds that go to make up a big meeting.

For a long time the great electricians of the country have considered such an accomplishment possible, but heretofore it has always been argued that it would require no end of special arrangements, with complicated electrical apparatus that could only be placed in a specially fitted-up building.

Within the past few days Messrs. Sapp and Davis, electricians, of Chicago, have demonstrated that the idea is perfectly practical. In fact the successful experiment just carried out, the speech, which was listened to by many thousands in their own homes, was delivered in a tent.

In the big tent in South Bend, Ind., where Hon. John L. Griffith spoke to a large audience before him, the idea of carrying the speaker's voice to a still greater audience throughout the city was merely an experiment. But it has suggested great possibilities. It is not hard to imag-

ine that some day a man who has a telephone in his house can lie in bed and listen to the music of an opera, hear the latest jokes of the variety actors, or the stirring strains of a military band.

The regular lines of the South Bend telephone system were run into the big tent. They were carried to the centre pole, and from there to a cross-beam five feet above the speaker's head, and four feet in front of the platform on which he stood. Fixed to this cross-beam were five large iron funnels, which opened directly toward the speaker. These funnels were placed in the best position for catching every sound uttered by the speaker. At the apex of each of the five funnels there was a transmitter, connected with the telephone wire of the cross-piece.

The orator spoke in ordinary tones, and his voice was carried into the funnels to the transmitters, and from there was carried over the telephone line out into the city. Not a single word that the speaker uttered was lost, while the laughter and applause of the audience were carried with equal certainty to the auditors at a distance.

At the central office of the telephone company, the wires from the tent connected directly with the big switching board. Here a number of subscribers were connected with the tent, and they were able to hear the speech in their own homes or business offices.

This simple apparatus is claimed by its inventors to be practical for carrying the doing of meetings of any sort to any reasonable distance, and they will begin immediately to begin its introduction over the world.